Juſt as You Pleaſe.

A new Song

Sung in the Publick Gardens

QUoth Strephon to Flora, your charms I adore,
You' e witty, you're pretty, you're pleaſing all o'er;
Your lips are like rubies, your cheeks like the Roſe,
And your breath far more ſweeter than Arabia that blows;
Tho' charming, alas! your delight is to teaze,
Ye. ſhe always reply'd, Sir, 'tis Juſt as you Pleaſe.

O think, he return'd, Of the pains I endure,
And you are the cauſe, O extend me the cure;
My paſſion's ſo ſtrong that my reſt I forſake,
And a paleneſs o'erſpreads my once roſy cheeks;
No longer be coy then, but give me ſome eaſe,
Yet the Careleſs reply'd, Sir, Juſt as You Pleaſe.

Diſcouraged that ſhe paid him no greater regard,
When his paſſion he knew deſerved reward,
He boldly advanced, ſaluted the fair,
And vow'd that ſuch treatment no longer he'd bear;
No longer declar'd he would ſue on his knees,
Yet all ſhe reply'd was, Juſt as you Pleaſe.

Then ſeizing her hand, he led her along,
While ſhe (careleſs) ne'er ſaid he was right or was wrong;
He took her to church, and there made her his wife,
And vow'd that he'd love her as long as he'd life,
No longer ſhe thinks that his paſſion can teaze,
Tho' ſhe anſwers him ſtill, Sir, Juſt as you Pleaſe.